

Comics downloaded from the website
Newcomic.org



www.newcomic.org - The best site with comics



www.comicsall.net

THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...

PANIC



NO. 4
DEC



250
3⁴⁵
CANADA

WHICH TWIN HAS THE PHONY*?



*MELVINA, ON THE RIGHT, HAS THE PHONY...
BECAUSE IRVINA, ON THE LEFT, HAS PANIC, THE
ONLY AUTHORIZED IMITATION OF **MAD!**

ETERNAL YOUTH-TYPE COMIC STRIP BEFT, A LITTLE ANFUL BANNES HOT NOTHIN' ON THIS BUI!
DIVISION! HERE'S ANOTHER PERENNIAL FAVORITE THAT'S BEEN GRACING THE PAGES OF YOUR NEWSPAPER COMIC
 SECTION SINCE CALVIN COOLIDGE, JR. SO SILENTLY, TOOK OVER THE WHITE HOUSE. IT'S THE STORY OF A CLEVER
 HARD-WORKING BOY, HIS CLEVER HARD-WORKING BOSS, HIS CLEVER LISTING LITTLE BROTHER, HIS CLEVER-LOVING
 MAMA AND POPPA, A CLEVER INDIAN GUIDE, A CLEVER INDIAN CHIEF, AND A FISH THAT'S CLEVERER THAN ALL
 SEVEN OF THEM. THIS ANCIENT STRIP GOES BY NAME OF...

Smiddy

RECOGNIZE ME? MY NAME IS SMIDDY SMIDDY! I'M A PROFESSIONAL JUVENILE
 CAREER BOY. I WORK FOR A JOLLY BOSS WITH COTTON-BALLS FOR HAIR NAMED
 MELVIN BULLY. EVERY DAY, I PUT ON THESE GROWNY BLACK PANTS, THIS BARELY
 OLD SHIRT, AND THIS SHAMPOO BLACK BOW TIE, AND I RUSH TO MR. BULLY'S OFFICE. I
 LANDED THIS MISERABLE JOB BACK IN 1924 WHEN I WAS FIFTEEN OR SO. THAT MAKES
 ME FORTY-FIVE YEARS OLD! YOUNG LOOKING, AMN'T I?



THIS IS MY MAMA AND POPPA. THEY LOVE ME. THEY
 ALWAYS ENCOURAGE ME. THEY GIVE ME STRENGTH. THEY
 TAKE MY ANYHOW. SOMETHING'S BEEN NOTHERING
 ME FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. IT'S BEEN PRETTY
 ON MY MIND...

POPPIE! WHY DO I
 HAVE TO WORK?
 SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK!
 WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME??
 SHUT UP AND EAT YOUR
 BREAKFAST!



NOW COMES MY BABY BROTHER HOBY, HOBY LISTE.
 THIS MAKES HIM CUTE. HE WEARS BABY-TYPE CLOTHES.
 THIS MAKES HIM CUTER. HE'S BEEN WEARING BABY-
 TYPE CLOTHES AND LIPSING FOR THIRTY YEARS. THIS
 MAKES HIM A VERY CUTE THIRTY-FOUR YEAR OLD.

THAT I'M A MIGHTY? LEAVE SMIDDY ALONE, HOBY!
 WHATE? FOUR EXHUTET? SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK.
 WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME??



THIS IS THE OFFICE WHERE I WORK. IT'S A BUSY-LOOKING OFFICE. IT'S GOT WATER COOLERS AND DESKS AND PENCE-PARTITIONS RUNNING ALL OVER THE PLACE. SOMETHING'S BEEN *BOTHERING* ME FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS. IT'S BEEN *PREYING* ON MY MIND...

GOOD MORNING, BOSS! MAY I ASK YOU A QUESTION? WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?

WHY, GOOD MORNING, SNIDET! LOVELY MORNING. LOOK! I JUST GOT ME THIS LATEST MODEL SLIP-CAST, ANTI-BACKLASH, SURE-CATCH FISHING REEL!



YOU SEE, FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS MY BOSS, MR. BULLX, HAS BEEN GOING UP TO THE NORTH WOODS REGULARLY TO TRY AND CATCH 'OLD PUNCHDRUNK', THE FIGHTING FISH. DON'T WORRY, THOUGH! HE'LL NEVER CATCH HIM! THE DAY HE LANDS THAT FISH, *THIS STRIP DIES!*...

I'M SERIOUS MR. BULLY! I REALLY WANT TO KNOW! JUST WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?

THIS TRIP, I'M GOING TO LAND OLD PUNCHDRUNK, THE FIGHTING FISH. SNIDET! YOU WAIT AND SEE!



YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED MY QUESTION, BOSS. WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?

WITH THIS NEW REEL... AND A BENT PIN... AND SOME BREAD-LOUGH... I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!



WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN, BOSS? WHY THIS BIG OFFICE?

DOF, WILL THAT FRENCH-CANADIAN INDIAN CHIEF LITTLE-HOUSE BE DONE?



WHY DO YOU WORK, BOSS?

DO... SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK! WHO SHOULD IT BE? YOUR FATHER?



BY THE WAY, BOSS, WHO'S THE NEW SECRETARY?

HER NAME'S MINNIE FORTIE... OR SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT. SHE'S GOT FOUR TROUBLES! HER OLD MAN DON'T WORK EITHER!



I HATED HER TO LOOK AFTER THINGS WHILE WE GO AWAY ON OUR ANNUAL VACATION IN THE NORTH WOODS!

YOU SEE, FOLKS, WHENEVER THE GUY WHAT DRAWS US LEADS US OUT OF IDEAS, HE SENDS US UP TO THE NORTH WOODS... FISHING! SO HERE WE GO AGAIN!

EVERY YEAR IT'S THE SAME STORY.



AW, MAMA... I DON'T KNOW. SHADDOUP'S DANGEROUS UP THERE IN THE NORTH WOODS! YOU MIGHT GET AUNT!

AND SOME-BODY'S GOTTA WORK! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME??

PREPHERVATION OF LIFE AND LIME IS A RELATIVELY TRIVIAL MATTER IF ONE IS IN VERTURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF FORETHY AND NATURE LORE!



WISH THAT KID WOULD STOP TALKING BABY TALK!

WHAT IS TA EXCEPT FROM A FORTY-FOUR YEAR OLD??

THO! I'M A MIGHTY MIGHTY YOUR EXCUSE??



AW, SHADDOUP OR I'LL PRINT EYEBALLS AROUND YOUR DOTS!

EVERY YEAR I GOTTA ARGUE WITH MY FOLKS ABOUT GOING WITH MR. BULLY. THE WHOLE THING'S BOLD-CLONE BECAUSE THE STRIP'S DRAWN SIX WEEKS IN ADVANCE AND I KNOW I'M GOING...



SEE, MR. BULLY! YOU MUST BE ABLE TO AFFORD THIS TRIP EVERY YEAR... CHARTERING THIS PLANE TO FLY US UP... BUYING ALL THIS FIGHTING EQUIPMENT... HIRING AN INDIAN SUGGET JUST WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN, MR. BULLY?

IF YOU READY TO GO, KNOW, I... HOP ABOARD!



OH! YOU'RE THE PILOT? I... WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT? WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

HEH? I'M NOT SMILING, JACK!

ISN'T THAT CLEVER, FOLKED THAT'S SO THE EDITORS OF THIS FARDOY PERIODICAL DON'T GET BORED? I'M NOT SMILING, JACK! HMMM.

AND EVERY YEAR WHEN WE GET TO THE NORTH WOODS, REAL GEORGE, OUR INDIAN GUIDE, IS WAITING...



REAL GEORGE? IT'S REAL GEORGE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, REAL GEORGE!

NEEDTAH BOOLEY? BY GAW! SNEEDY!

WHY DO THEY CALL YOU REAL GEORGE, REAL GEORGE?



BECAUSE SET RES DOODLE IN DE WEST WOODS, SNEEDY, BY GAW...

WELL, THAT'S SO FUNNY ABOUT THAT?

I'M NOT SMILING, JACK!

OH... SO FIND AN AN-MIST SOMEBODY!







The other day, your editors got one of those very intimate personal newsletters in the mail... you know!... the kind that people who want to be "inside-knowers" subscribe to. We thought, in the interest of journalism and in your shouldn't-worry-about-your-revenue-and-political-future, we'd give you our version of one of these editions.

THE CRIPPLING WASHINGTON LETTER

CIRCULATED FREELY TO SELECT

THE CRIPPLING WASHINGTON GRAPEVINE AGENCY

Washington, Blue Monday, June 7, 1954.

Dear Sucker,

Business has boomed for the past five years, reaching an all-time high in sales and profits. At no time in history have we prospered so.

But the outlook for the coming year is for a mild recession ending in unemployment and bankruptcy for most of the workers and small business men in America. The outlook is awful, 'terrible, suicidal. Unless, that is, something is done.

So something will be done to prevent a mild recession ending in all that mess. Take it from us. We got inside information.

There will be no mild recession. We will continue having a boom.

What will be done to prevent a mild recession? Nobody is talking. The big economists in the Administration are mum. But we've got inside information. We have reliable sources close to top-level policy makers.

What our reliable information-givers tell us will be done: Nothing! Business is in a mild recession and nothing can be done about it. The bust always follows the boom. The boom always follows the bust. So...

There will be no mild recession since the mild recession is over.

What about a depression following the mild recession? This may or may not be in the offing. It all depends on the world picture.

The world picture looks bad. This is obvious to anyone who looks at the world picture. We've looked at it. It's bad.

There will be a depression following a mild recession because the world picture looks bad. If the world picture changes, the depression might be avoided.

Will the world picture change? It could. It's all according. Reliable information sent to us from optimists in Europe say "Yes!", and so we say, "Yes, the world picture will change."

Then a depression following a mild recession will be avoided. That's the way things look as of now. We'll see.

And if something is done instead of letting the business cycle run its course, even the mild recession can be avoided.

We think something will be done, regardless of what our reliable information-givers tell us.

So with a depression and a mild recession avoided, look forward to a continued business boom in the next five years, topping the last five.

Scared you, didn't we?

Yours for bigger uppers,
THE CRIPPLING WASHINGTON AGENCY

Melan Crippling

June 16, 1954 (So it takes long to write!)

WESTERN EPIC MOVIE DEPT. (FOLLOW THE FORMULA AND YOU CAN'T GO WRONG! DIVISION): THEY HAVE A PROVEN FORMULA IN HOLLYWOOD THESE DAYS FOR PRODUCING SUCCESSFUL WESTERN MOVIES THAT MAKE MONEY. AND WHEN THEY THROW IN *B-D* TO BOOT, WELL, HOW CAN THEY MISS? THIS LATEST "STRANGER THAT COMES IN OUT OF NOWHERE TO CHOP WOOD AND TEACH THE RANCHER'S SON TO BE A MAN WHILE MAKING LOVE TO THE RANCHER'S WIFE ON THE G.T." SASSERBRUSH SAGA IS CALLED...

HINDU

AFTER THE TITLE IS FLASHED ON THE SCREEN, THE CREDITS FOLLOW, BUT NOBODY READS THEM BECAUSE THE BEING STUFF IS SUPERIMPOSED ON A SHOT OF A STRANGER TRIPPING AND STUNTLING ACROSS THE RUINED ROCKY DESERT? YEP! HERE HE COMES, FOLKS. AND THERE'S THE RANCH. AND THERE'S THE WIFE. AND THERE'S THE BOY. AND THERE'S THE USUAL SICKENING BEGINNING FOR THIS KIND OF PRIMITIVE HERVOO-TYPE DRIVE...



LATER...



HMMMM? THIS
A' AIN'T BEEN
SHAPENED
IN SIX MONTHS?

I GOT A HUSB-
BAND, HINDU.
HE'S UP IN THE
HILLS. HE'LL
BE HOME SOON!
SO...

HMMMM? THESE
PLOW HORSES
AIN'T BEEN SHOD
IN SIX MONTHS?



HE'LL BE HOME
SHORTLY. MY
HUSBAND! HE'S
CHASIN' STRAY
GALVES!
HE'LL BE HOME
ANY MINUTE!
SO...

HMMMM? SO, DON'T GET ANY
IDEAS, HINDU! I GOT
A HUSBAND AND HE'LL
BE HOME...



HOW COME A WOMAN
ALWAYS THINKS EVERY
MAN THAT COMES
ALONG WANTS
SOMETHIN' HINDU?
HOW COME?

SO? YOU ANY
DIFFERENT?



GUESS
HOT?
HEH, HEH.

HALP!

AND 'MOM,
WAW! LET'S
GET THE HUSH
OVER WITH SO
HINDU CAN GO
WILL PAY AN
GET THIS SHOW
ON THE ROAD!
SURE 'M WHAT
HE WANTS!



ALL RIGHT,
HINDU! I'LL
GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU
WANT! COME
INSIDE!

WHAT I WANT
AIN'T MISSEMEN
WHAT I WANT IS
THIS HORSE, HERE.
GOOD-LOOKIN'
HORSE!

THE NEXT MORNING...

WELL, S'LONG, MRS. LOWLIFE. THANKS
FOR THE LASAGNA AND THE HORSE.
IF YOU'LL TAKE MY ADVICE YOU'LL
COME WITH ME TO THE COWBOY
POST. THE APACHES ARE ON THE
BARRAGE. THEY'LL HAVE YOUR
SCALP!



I GOTTA STAY
HERE AND
WAIT FOR MY
HUSBAND,
HINDU. SURE.

... IF I STAY, YOU GOTTA COME
BACK AND SAVE ME FROM THE
INDIANS. AND LET'S FACE IT,
THIS IS THE FERSHLEBBINER
PLOT!



DEAR! BUT BEFORE
I GO, I'M GONNA
KISS YOU! BECAUSE
I SURE AIN'T GONNA
WANT TO KISS YOU
WHEN YOU GOT NO
HAIR! SO, HERE...

ANY?

THE SAME AFTERNOON, AFTER HINDI'S RIDDEN OFF, MRS. LOWLIFE DISCOVERS THAT APACHES HAVE SUR-
ROUNDED THE RANCH...



H-H-HI, FELLOWS! ER...
TODAY BREAK, THE
JEFFERSON MANSION
PUTTIN' YOU OUT OF
BUSINESS!

WELL, WE STILL GOT
THE PONTIAC DEAL! BUT
ENOUGH CHAT-CHAT! WE'VE
COME TO SCALP YOU!

PEST...HEY, CHEFF?
PIGEON ENGLISH?
REMEMBER?

USH! WE
FORGETTIN'
MYSELF!
LOSE'UN
HEAD!

LET ME
GO? LET ME
GO?

ALL RIGHT,
LOVEY! DROP
THAT
TOMAHAWK!



NO, NO! GET'UN LONG
LITTLE WHITE-HEADED
BOY WITH HIS BUN!
GET WISE, NO! DON'T
BE NO HEAD! YOU!
OLD LADY AIN'T
WORTH IT!

HEY, CHEFF?
PEST!
PIGEON
ENGLISH?
REMEMBER?

YOU GIVE
HER BACK,
HER
SCALP
OR I'LL
SHOOT!
ME
RETURN!
ME...

ME
SET'UN
BIG
SHOT
KID!
ME
RETURN!
ME...



WE CRAZY!
WE CAN
GET'UN HEAD
BLOWN OFF!

FOUND! WHITE-
HEADED BOY
IS BRAVE!
COME HERE
WHITE-HEADED
ONE!

THE APACHE CHIEF PULLS HIS
KNIFE...



HE SLICES THE BOY'S
THUMB, DRAWING BLOOD...



THE APACHE CHIEF PUTS
THE BLADE TO HIS OWN
THUMB AND HESITATES...



WELL, IT NOT DEAR
WITH ME? I
SCARED STIFF
OF KNIFE AND
BLOOD! EYE



WEEKS LATER, A WEARY HINDU RIDES INTO THE COWBOY CAMP ON HIS FAITHFUL, OLD, MELVIN, DRAGGING HIS, LOWLIFE'S HORSE BEHIND...



WHAT'S WITH THE APACHE, HINDU?

AW, THEY'RE MAD OVER THAT JEFFERSON HICKLE DEAL! WHERE'S THE MAJOR?

HE'S IN HIS TENT TRYING A NEW HAIR RESTORER! GOT SCALPED LAST WEEK! NOW

SUDDENLY, A YELLOW-LIVERED DIRTY-LOOKIN' EVIL-EYED COYOTE OF A STRANGER RUSHES UP...



THAT'S MY HORSE! HE STOLE MY HORSE! HE'S A HORSE THIEF!

STRANGER! YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE TALKIN' TO? THAT'S HINDU! HE'S PART INDIAN! HE'S GOT A TEMPER!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BUDDLE HEAD! LET 'IM TALK! WHAT'D YOU SAY, STRANGER?



I SAID THAT'S MY HORSE! YOU STOLE IT! YOU'RE A HORSE THIEF!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID!



BLAMMMMM!



YOU KILLED HIM, HINDU! YOU SHOT HIM DOWN!

WELL, I LOST MY TEMPER! YOU KILLED HIM ABOUT MY TEMPER!



BESIDES, IF THIS IS HIS HORSE, THEN HE'S ED LOWLIFE'S. RUSSLAND AND THE PERKINSKIDDER KID'S OLD MAN. AND...



...LET'S FIGHT IT! THIS IS THE PERKINSKIDDER PLOT. NOW I CAN GO BACK AND MAKE LOVE TO THE UNGRAID HI-YO, MELVIN! HUH-WAY!

ALL RIGHT, AND SHOT 'EM DOWN OFF THAT DOG!



A MASHED MAN!

LOOK! I DON'T CARE IF YOU STEAL THOSE GUY SAME'S STUFF... BUT LAY OFF THE "HI-YO" BUSINESS...

HI-YO, GOLDEN! HUH-WAY!

WELL! GOLDEN! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN GENE ATROCITY!



HEY! HINDU! PICTURE HINDU!



BY NOW, THE WHOLE AUDIENCE IS GOING RED, SO AT THIS POINT THERE'S A B-B INTERMISSION IN ORDER FOR YOU TO SCREW YOUR EYEBALLS BACK INTO THEIR SOCKETS!

HOURS LATER...

LOOK, MAN! LOOK!
FIFTY STRANGERS
ARE COMING!

YOU GOT THOSE J-D
GLASSES OFF AGAIN?
WHAT A CRAZY PERSHUS...
CLOP CLOP

OR
ON

STRANGERS,
NOTHIN'!
THEM'S INDIANS!
AND THEY'VE
GOT HINDU
WITH 'EM!

SAME? YOU'VE
COME BACK,
SAME? SOMMA
TEACH ME HOW
TO PLAY
SCRABBLE,
SAME?

WILL YUH
SHUT THAT
KID UP
WITH THE
SAME BIT?

IS
THIS
YOUR
MAN?

NO, HE
AIN'T MY
MAN! HOW
DARE YOU
CALL HIM
MY MAN...

ANGEL, HONEY!
USE YOUR HEAD!
ED, YOUR
HUSBAND, IS
ORAGT AND
THESE CREEPS
WANT TO KILL
ME, TOO!

HOW DARE YOU CALL
HIM MY MAN, WHEN
HE'S MY HUSBAND?
DARLING? DID THEY
HURT YOUR BID
THEY?

ONLY WHEN
I LAUGHED!

ORAGT! WE GO! WE SPARE'UM YOUR
LIFE! NOT BECAUSE YOU BRAVE
LIKE PUMA! NOT BECAUSE YOU
COWARDLY LIKE GOFOTE! BECAUSE
YOU PRODUCE THIS PICTURE AND
WE WANT'UM GET'UM PAID! 'BYE...

AND SO, HINDU IS SAFE AT THE
LOWLIFE RANCH, AND HAPPY WEEKS
GO BY...

WHAT'OMA DOIN',
IRVING? FISHING?
YOU DIDN'T CATCH
ANYTHING, DID YOU?

HOW'D YOU
GUESS?

SIMPLE! SEE WHERE
THE SUN IS? YOU'RE
CASTING A SHADOW! IF
YOU CAN SEE IT, THE
FISH CAN! NEVER
LET YOUR SHADOW FALL
WHERE YOU'RE FISHIN'!

TURN AROUND!
FACE THE SUN!
ALWAYS FISH INTO
THE SUN! LIVE
THIS...SEE?

THAT'S A GOOD WAY
TO FISH, HINDU, BUT
DON'T YOU GOTTA
FISH IN THE WATER?

IN ALL 8000 WESTERN THRILLERS, THE CAVALRY ARRIVES IN THE NICK OF TIME TO SAVE THE RANCHERS FROM THE ATTACKING INDIANS. HOWEVER IN THIS HORSE-OPERA HORROR, THE CAVALRY COMES TOO SOON.



THEY GOT CHAIN-DRIVEN J-O PROJECTORS RENTED FOR THE SAME DAY!



GO INDIANS OR NO INDIANS, WE'RE WINDING UP THIS PICTURE! KISS THE BRAD AND LET'S GET THE SHOW ON THE ROAD!



OH, HINDU! WE'LL BE SO HAPPY ON YOUR LITTLE SEVENTY THOUSAND ACRE RANCH IN CALIFORNIA!



MAYBE WE'LL FIND GOLD ON IT... ON OIL!



JUST ONE THING BOTHERS ME, ANGEL!



WHEN THE APACHES BROUGHT ME HERE AND ASKED YOU IF I WAS YOUR MAN, WHY DID YOU TELL 'EM I WAS?



SOMEBOY'S GOTTA DO THE WORK AROUND THIS MISERABLE RANCH! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME?



OH, SHUT UP!



SMASH THAT KITCHEN RADIO DEPT. (BECAUSE IT BRINGS IN SOAP-OPERAS, BUDDY, AND THE ONLY THING THAT'LL BE CLEARED OUT IS YOUR BANK ACCOUNT! DIVISION?) YEAH WE MEAN IT! DO IT NOW! DO IT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! IF YOUR WIFE, SISTER, MOTHER, DAUGHTER (OR BOTH) WHAT DON'T APPLY! LISTENS TO THIS CRUEL FROM THE TIME YOU LEAVE FOR WORK TILL THE TIME YOU GET HOME, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE! SO GRAB AN AXE! CRIP UP THE CHASSIS! HALT THE WOMAN OF THE HOUSE FROM HEARING...

JUST PLAIN BULL

YOU'VE JUST GULPED DOWN THE SOUP, SHE CALLS COFFEE, SCAMPED THE PLATE CLEAN OF THE SOUP SHE CALLS SCRAMBLED EGGS, CHOKED DOWN THE BURNT CARDBOARD SHE CALLS TOAST, AND YOU'VE LEFT FOR WORK WITH YOUR USUAL MORNING HEARTBURN. NOW LET'S DO SOMETHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO! LET'S LOOK IN ON THE LITTLE WOMAN AND SEE WHAT SHE DOES WHEN YOU'RE GONE! READY? THEN GRACE YOURSELF...

FIRST, LIKE A RUSY LITTLE BEAVER, SHE CLEARS THE TABLE, DUMPING THE DISHES INTO THE SINK...



NEXT, SHE TAKES OUT THE BROOM, THE DUST MOP, THE VACUUM CLEANER, THE FURNITURE POLISH, AND ASSORTED RAGS...



THESE, SHE DROPS IN CONSPICUOUS PLACES AROUND THE HOUSE SO IT SHOULD LOOK LIKE SHE'S WORKING IN CASE YOUR MOTHER OR A NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE WHO PULLS THE SAME ROUTINE SHOULD COME CALLING...



AND NOW, SHE'S READY. FURTIVELY, SHE TIPTOES INTO THE BEDROOM, KITCHEN RADIO UNDER HER ARM. SHE PLUGS IT IN, PLOPS ON THE BED, AND...



... HER HANG DAY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN. GRID PLATES AND CONDENSORS START WARMING UP, EMOTION SEETHES IN THE TUNING COILS... MISERY LURKS IN THE TUBES... TEARS AND LAUGHTER CROUCH IN THE RHODATONS, READY TO BLARE FORTH. THE SOAP OPERAS ARE ON THEIR WAY...



SOAP-OPERAS ARE FIFTEEN MINUTE TRAGEDIES. THEY COME ONE RIGHT AFTER THE OTHER THROUGHOUT THE MORNING AND AFTERNOON. THEY'RE ALL ABOUT THE SAME. THEY'VE CALLED SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

"WHEN A YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL MARRIES HER GUIDING LIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL BACKSTAGE!"

THAT'S THE WHOLE TITLE!



THESE HAUNTING SALES PITCHES COZE FROM YOUR LOUDSPEAKERS IN A DEEP AND RESONANT AND SOOTHING AND SEXY VOICE. THE ANNOUNCER TALKS INTIMATELY TO YOUR GAL, COMMERCIALLY SEDUCING HER WITH THIS KIND OF NONSENSE. SHE PICTURES HIM LOOKING LIKE THIS...

WELL, LOOK, BABY! I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU MOURN YOUR PRETTY LITTLE HEAD ABOUT WIDOW-BUTANYMORE BECAUSE DARNING... THOSE PETTY PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED. THE MAKERS OF DOODLE SOAPFLAKES HAVE SPENT MILLIONS SOLVING THEM FOR YOU. THAT'S BECAUSE THEY LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, BABY...



BUT YOUR LITTLE GAL DOESN'T CARE WHAT HE REALLY LOOKS LIKE. SHE'S ALREADY LOST IN A FEMALE DREAM THIS GUY CARES ABOUT HER! THIS GUY IS WORRIED ABOUT HER WELFARE! THIS GUY SENDS HER...

REMEMBER, MONEY! DOODLE FLAKES! OH...I WILL DOODLE-ANDMORE AND YOU'LL HAVE MORE LEISURE TIME SO YOU CAN LIE BACK AND LISTEN TO OUR TRUE-LIFE STORY. PROMISE ME YOU'LL BUY DOODLE FLAKES NEXT TIME YOU SHOP. PROMISE ME YOU GORGEOUS, ADDRESSABLE YIKER, TON.



YES, THIS IS A COMPOSITE OF ALL THE SOAP-OPERAS YOUR GAWKING LITTLE WOMAN WILL LISTEN TO TODAY. IT DOESN'T ADAPT SO MUCH IF YOU TAKE 'EM ALL AT ONE TIME! SO HERE GOES! FOR THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES OF THESE QUARTER-HOUR SOB-SERMONS, YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO THE COMMERCIAL...



LADIES, HOW'S YOUR WASH LOOKING THESE DAYS? DO YOUR SHEETS HAVE THAT STOOD-PIG-IRON-YELLOW LOOK? ARE YOUR UNDER AND GAINY THINGS AS EATEN AS THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER IN A JAW? DO THE COLLARS ON YOUR HUSBAND'S SHIRTS LOOK LIKE HE'S SLEPT IN THEM?

ACTUALLY, THE GUY AT THE STATION READING THE COMMERCIAL IS A BILDING, TONED-UP BACHELOR WHO DOESN'T GIVE A HOOT HOW MUCH YOUR LITTLE WOMAN SHEATS OVER A HOT TUN. ACTUALLY, HE LOOKS LIKE THIS...



...BOUSE DOODLE SOAPFLAKES AND YOUR SHEETS WILL BE WHITE AS FRESH-SPILLED YOGURT. ...YOUR GAINY LIN-SHIRT WILL BE NEW AS THE DAY YOU FIRST SHOPLIFTED THEM. ...YOUR HUSBAND'S COLLARS WILL STRANGLE HIM... AND THAT WOULD MAKE YOU SO HAPPY WOULDN'T IT?

SEE WHAT WE MEAN? NOW DOODLE SOAPFLAKES ARE ON YOUR GULLIBLE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER'S SHOPPING LIST. ALREADY IT'S COSTING YOU MONEY BUT THAT'S NOT ALL. THE WORST IS YET TO COME. A NEW VOICE DRIPS FROM YOUR RADIO LOUDSPEAKER...

SAD NOW IT'S TIME FOR CHAPTER FOUR OF... "WHEN A YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL MARRIES HER GUIDING LIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL BACKSTAGE!"

IT MUST BE THE WHOLE TITLE!



THIS NEW GUY HAS COMPASSION IN HIS VOICE. THIS NEW GUY KNOWS ABOUT LIFE'S PAIN AND UNHAPPINESS. HE KNOWS ABOUT LIFE'S FAILURES AND DISAPPOINTMENTS. THIS GUY HAS REALLY SUFFERED! AFTER ALL... HE'S BEEN AROUNDING THIS MESS FOR THE LAST EIGHTEEN YEARS! YOUR LITTLE WOMAN PICTURES HIM LIKE THIS...

BUT FIRST, A BRIEF RESUME OF OUR STORY UP TO NOW... YOU LUSCIOUS MISUNDERSTOOD, UNAPPRECIATED BLAMOUR-LOVELY, YOU



ACTUALLY, HE LOOKS LIKE THIS... YOU REMEMBER YESTERDAY'S EPISODE? YOU REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED? YOU DO? YOU'RE EXOTIC!



ACTUALLY, WHO COULD REMEMBER WHAT'S HAPPENING ON THIS PARTICULAR SOB-SERIAL WHEN THERE ARE 30 OFFERS TO HEART? THAT'S WHY, SO YOU SHOULDN'T BE WIKED UP THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES OF THIS FIFTEEN MINUTE MESS IS WASTED IN A BRIEF RESUME OF THE STORY FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS...

AS, YOU KNOW, DELLA STALLAS, THE YOUNG WIDOW-BIRD'S MOTHER, IS SUFFERING FROM THAT UNMENTIONABLE, INCURABLE MALADY... ALMOST ALWAYS FATAL, MALIGNANT HYDOPIS!



THIS RESUME, YOUR LITTLE DAWLING-ADDOS LIKE A HOLE IN HER HEAD! AFTER ALL, SHE'S BEEN LISTENING TO THE PROGRAM EVERY DAY SINCE YOU WERE MARRIED! BUT NOT SHE ENJOYS IT! SHE CAN JUST FIGURE THOSE PAST EPISODES...



LEARNING OF HER MOTHER'S ALLNESS, SHE-SELF, STILL MOURNING THE DEATH OF HER LATE HUSBAND, PERRY MASONMINT, HAS RUSHED TO DELLA'S BEDSIDE, LEAVING HER INFANT SON, PUPPY DAVID, ALONE IN A PARTIALLY FILLED BATHNETTE.



YOU'VE BEEN TOLD THIS WAS ENOUGH OF A RESUME? YOU'D THINK TODAY'S EPISODE COULD, WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE, BEGIN RIGHT ON, NO? THERE'S MORE!



MEANWHILE, MA JETKID, SHE-SHE'S MOTHER-IN-LAW, HAS CLOSED HER CORSET SHOP AND TAKEN A PLANE WEST IN SEARCH OF A MORE STRAIGHT-LACED BUSINESS...



Now, WHEE? TODAY'S EPISODE SHOULD START ON A PLANE GOING WEST? NOT YET, BUDDY! THERE'S MORE MISERY TO REVEAL! LISTEN...



ON THE SAME PLANE, FLYING EAST IN SEARCH OF SOMEONE FLYING WEST IN SEARCH OF A STRAIGHT-LACED BUSINESS, IS GORENDO JONES WITH HIS LATEST INVENTION, AN AUTOMATIC CORSET-LACER.



NOT NOT YET? SO TALK TO EACH OTHER! INDIAN WRESTLE! IF YOU'RE ALONE, PLAY YOURSELF A GAME OF SOLITAIRE-SCRAMBLE! THERE'S MORE! YEAH!



HOWEVER, UNKNOWN TO MA JETKID, HER NEPHEW, YOUNG DOCTOR WELDON, THE WIDOWER, HAS LEFT THE OAKS BY JET PLANE TO RUSH TO DELLA'S BEDSIDE, BRINGING HIS CAPABLE NURSE, MORA BRACK, ALONG IN A WING-TANK...



GETTING
JANUARY?
WANT TO KNOW
WHAT'S GOING
TO HAPPEN TO
DAYMORNING,
DON'T DOWN?
WELL, YOUR
LITTLE DOLL-
FACE HAS A
FEW MORE
DETAILS TO BE
REMOVED
OF...



BACK-PAGE FAREL, MEANWHILE, HAS BEEN HANGING AROUND THE STALLAS TEMENT, WAITING TO PHONE IN THE CELEBRITY NOTICE TO THE DAILY BEAGLE. SALLY FAREL, HIS DEVOTED WIFE, HAS BEEN PORTIFYING HIS VISIT WITH HOT TYPEWRITER-RIBBON SOAP.

DO YOU WANT SOME COMMUNICATING COMMUNICATIONS?



LARRY NOBELPRIZE, NATINEE, DOLL, AND HIS INSOLUBLE WIFE, MARY, AT THIS VERY MOMENT, ARE ON THEIR WAY FROM NEW YORK, HAVING LEFT BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD ACTS OF THEIR NEW PLAY, 'THE LOVE LIFE OF BOB AND RAY'...

...ON HONOR, UNTIL WHEN YOU'VE JUST ABOUT GIVEN UP ALL HOPE, WHEN YOU'VE BEEN JUST ABOUT LULLED TO SLEEP BY DOW-LLI-CATIONS, THEY FIRE THE QUESTIONS AT YOU!



HAN? PHA... WHO?

WILL DILLA SURVIVE THE MIDDUP ATTACK? WILL SHE-SHE EVER GET OVER PERRY MASONNET'S DEATH? AFTER ALL, IT'S BEEN IN HEARD? WILL PUPPY DAVID DROWN IN THE JATHNETTIE? WILL NA PERPUS FIE UP WITH CORNETED JOKES IN THE CORSET BUSINESS? WILL YOUNG DOCTOR MELLOR AND MURDER WOMAN DRACK ARRIVE AT DILLA'S BEDSIDE IN TIME TO SAY "MIDDY"?

WILL BACK-PAGE FAREL PHONE IN HIS STORY? WILL LARRY AND MARY NOBELPRIZE GET BACK TO NEW YORK IN TIME FOR THE THIRD ACT OF THEIR NEW PLAY?



WILL BOB AND RAY EVER REPLACE RADIO?

LISTEN, NOW, TO CHAPTER 7,045 OF... WHEN A YOUNG WIDOW-GIRL MARRIED HER SARDING LIGHT BECAUSE SHE'S GOT A RIGHT TO HAPPINESS, THE ROAD OF LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL, BACKSTREET!



SO HERE IT IS! YOU'VE HAD A FIVE-MINUTE COMMERCIAL, AND A FIVE-MINUTE RESUME. THERE ARE THE MINUTES LEFT. HERE'S TODAY'S INSTALLMENT, OR, AFTER THE ORGAN MUSIC, THAT IS.



SOR... OH, PROMISE ME THAT SOMEDAY YOU WILL DIE.

OH, LISTEN CAREFULLY, NOW...



SO THAT'S HOW IT GOES. CHUM! EVERY FIFTEEN MINUTES FOR EIGHT SOLID HOURS, YOUR LIP WOMAN EAGERLY, NAY, HURRIPLY F. SWALLOW THIS BOMB OF TASTE.

DO PUT ANOTHER MINUTE'S
QUICK-FRONT COMPROMISE ON
YOUR SHOPPING LIST THIS
VERY MINUTE. YOU
FYSIOLOGICAL CHARM-
ING DOLL FACE.

CH. I. ADV.



BY THE TIME SIX O'CLOCK ROLLS AROUND, SHE'S GOT 7 BRANDES OF SOAP FLAVORS, 8 BRANDES OF CAKES/DEES, 4 BRANDES OF PROTEIN DOSSENTS, 8 BRANDES OF INSTANT COFFEES, AND IS ASSORTED OTHER 'MUST' ITEMS ON THAT MISERABLE LIST. BUT THAT'S NOT YOURSAL PROBLEM! SO SHE GOES *OVER* HER BUDGET BY \$50 EVERY WEEK! IF THAT WERE ALL, YOU'D BE LUCKY! YOU *FORGOT!* THE BREAKFAST DISHES ARE STILL IN THE MIX.



HERE'S THIS BROAD, BEHEADED SCARFOPHOBIC ALL DAY. SHE'S LISTENED TO HOW LOW-KEY-SHE LIVES ON THE JOE - LYON SHE'S INHIBITED FROM HER LIFE HUSBAND. SHE'S HEARD HOW GLAMOROUS HER MOTHER-IN-LAW ENJOYS ACROSS THE BROADWAY STAGE. SHE'S RIDICULOUS WITH ANDRA BRACKEN MURDER OF WENDY VIA JET FLAMES. SHE'S HEARD ALL ABOUT THE TYPICAL AMERICAN WOMAN.



**AND WHAT'S HER LIFE LIKE? YOUR
LITTLE MOMMY? WHAT'S SHE GOT?
BREAKFAST DISHES? VACUUM
CLEANER? OUST MOPE/BROODS
ASSORTED BASH!**



AND LESS THAN FIFTEEN MINUTES TO PUT THEM ALL AWAY AND GET YOUR SLOPPY SUMMER ON THE STOVE BEFORE YOU GET HOME FROM WORK.



IS IT ANY WONDER THAT WHEN YOU OPEN THE DOOR WITH YOUR USUAL CHEERFUL GREETING—



THE JOURNAL'S EDITOR



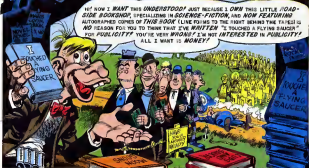
SO SMASH THAT ATTORNEY RADIO, MURDER! DO IT NOW! THIS MINUTE! DON'T TRY TO FIGURE HER OUT! DON'T TRY TO TELL HER ABOUT THE HARD DAY YOU'VE HAD IN THE SEWER. YOU KNOW WHAT HIS ANSWER WILL BE.



HOP ON THE BANDWAGON NON-FICTION DEPT. (WRITE A BOOK ABOUT A TIMELY TOPIC LIKE YOU'RE AN EXPERT AND WATCH THE SUCKERS BOBBLE UP COPIES! DIVISION): THERE ARE MAGIC WORDS IN THE NON-FICTION FIELD THESE DAYS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS USE THEM IN A BOOK-TITLE AND IT'S BOUND TO MAKE MOOLAH LIKE "IRON CURTAIN" FOR INSTANT! "I DRANK OUT FROM BEHIND THE..." IS OUR MY WAY TO FREEDOM UNDER THE..." "I RAN LIKE CRAZY THROUGH THE..." ARE GOOD EXAMPLES OF BEST SELLERS USING THIS PAR-TICULAR PAIR OF MAGIC TITLE WORDS. THERE'S ANOTHER PAIR OF IRRESISTABLE KEY WORDS. AND THIS IS PAIN'S MAGAZINE'S IMPRESSION OF WHAT'S FOUND BETWEEN THE COVERS OF BOOKS USING THEM! THEIR TITLES UNUSUALLY READ LIKE THIS!:

I TOUCHED A FLYING SAUCER!

BY PYT. 'SKULL' E. ADAMS KEYHOLE
U.S. K-9 CORPS (DISHON. DISCH.)



AND HOW ARE WE BEING WATCHED?
HOW IS OUR INFINITESIMAL WORLD
BEING SCRUTINIZED, YOU WONDER?
I'LL TELL YOU! WE ARE BEING
OBSERVED BY THE FLYING SAUCERS
WAIT! WAIT! DON'T PUT ME
BACK ON THE SHELFF! BUY ME!
TAKE ME HOME! I CAN CON-
VINCE YOU! I GOT PROOF! I
GOT PICTURES! I GOT BILLS
TO PAY AND I NEED THE
MONEY!



MY NAME IS E. ADAMS KEYHOLE.
THE 'E' STANDS FOR ELMER. MY
FRIENDS CALL ME "SKULL". NOT
THAT I'M SKINNY! NO! THAT'S
SO I CAN SIGN MY NAME "SKULL
E. ADAMS KEYHOLE" AND THEN
PAMPHLET EDITORS TAKE A SHIP
AT SEVERAL "EXPERTS" LIKE ME
AT ONE TIME? CLEVER?



LISTEN, THOSE PAMPHLET EDITORS GOT
IDEAS THEY HAVEN'T EVEN SWIRLED
YET! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS EARTHLY
CHIT-CHAT, WHERE WAS I? OH, YES!
I LIVE IN BACK OF MY ROADSIDE
BOOKSHOP THERE ... ALL BY
MYSELF! I USED TO LIVE WITH
MY WIFE ... BUT, WELL, THAT'S
WHY I'VE WRITTEN THIS BOOK!
TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED
TO HER ...



"IT ALL BEGAN BACK IN 1947 WHEN, USING A U.S.
BUSINESS LOAN, WE OPENED THIS ROADSIDE STAND.
WE USED TO SELL HOT DOGS IN THOSE DAYS. USED
TO MAKE OUT PRETTY GOOD, TOO. THEN ONE DAY,
A CUSTOMER SMILED AT ME WITH MUSTARD-COVERED
LIPS AND SAID:



"GOT ANY MAGAZINES?
SCIENCE-FICTION
MAGAZINES?"

"SCIENCE-FICTION?
WHAT'S SCIENCE-
FICTION?"

"I MUST'VE SAID SOMETHING WRONG BECAUSE IMMEDI-
ATELY MY CUSTOMER BEGAN TO GEE. I LATER FOUND
OUT WHY: SCIENCE-FICTION FANS ... OR "BEN" AS
THEY ARE KNOWN IN SPACE-VERACULAR, ARE VERY
SENSITIVE CREATURES! HE GLOBERED AT ME,
GROOLING FRANKFURTER JUICE ...



"YOU, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT
SCIENCE-FICTION IS! YOU, YOU
SERIOUS? HERE! TAKE THIS
LATEST COPY OF "INCREDIBLE
AMAZEMENTS"! READ IT!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
MISSING!"

"TH-THANK YOU!
I ... I WILL
ALWAYS BE
GRATEFUL TO
YOU FOR THIS ...

"I WAS SO ENTHRALLED IN THE FIRST STORY OF
"INCREDIBLE AMAZEMENTS," SOMETHING CALLED "THE
RAY BRAD BURIED!" ... THAT I NEVER NOTICED HIM
LEAVE WITHOUT MEING ...



"HEY! EINSTEIN! SIX HOT
DOGS AND TWO SODAS
WE'RE OUT!"

"TWO ... TWO
MORE THAN
COMPENSATED
FOR THEM!"

"I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THIS IS A RUSE USED BY ALL
"BEN" IN ORDER TO EASE THE FINANCIAL BURDEN OF
TRAVELING TO S-F CONVENTIONS. HOWEVER, I WAS
GOLD" I TOOK IN SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES AS A
SIDELINE ...



"LOOK, ETHEL! HERE'S
A STORY ON FLYING
SARDINES!"

"SHUT UP AND HELP
ME HUNdle THESE
RETURNS!"

"I HAVE CHANGED ETHEL'S NAME TO ETHEL TO
PROTECT HER INNOCENT FAMILY LIVING IN ST. PAUL!"
— AUTHOR

LITTLE BY LITTLE, SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES REPLACED BUGARED DOUGHNUTS. SCIENCE FICTION BOOKS REPLACED SANDWICHES. OURS WAS THE ONLY ROADSIDE BOOKSHOP IN THE AREA SERVING BICARS. AND MY CURIOSITY ABOUT FLYING SAUCERS GREW...

YOU TAKING NOSE DROPS?

DON'T BE FUNNY! I'M LOOKING FOR FLYING DISCS!



AS THE MONTHS PASSED AND MORE AND MORE FLYING SAUCER SIGHTINGS WERE REPORTED, I BECAME DETERMINED TO SEE ONE MYSELF. SO I BUILT A SMALL HOMEMADE TELESCOPE.

LOOK, RAILED I. I HATE TO DISTURB YOU, BUT

I SEE ONE, ETHEL! I SEE ONE!



IT WAS ON A SUMMER NIGHT IN 1948, THERE WAS A BRISK WIND BLOWING. SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, A BRILLIANT GLAMING LIGHT HAD APPEARED BEFORE ME AS I SAT STARRING THROUGH MY TELESCOPE. IT LOOKED LIKE THIS...

IT'S A FLYING SAUCER, ETHEL! A REAL FLYING SAUCER!

SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR FUN, BUCK ROGERS...



ETHEL REACHED OUT AND SCRAPPED IT FROM THE OBJECTIVE LENS. IT WAS A LIGHTNING BUG THAT HAD BEEN SLAMMED AGAINST IT AND SQUASHED BY THE WIND. IT WAS STILL BLOWING WITH A SMOCKING GREEN-ISH LIGHT...

SEE IT NOW, COME WASH THE POTS AND PANES!

SPOIL-SPORT!



THAT EMBARRASSING EXPERIENCE ONLY LEFT ME MORE DETERMINED. I SOLD THE TELESCOPE AND BOUGHT A CAMERA WITH THE MONEY. ONE DAY, AS I WAS WALKING IN TOWN...



I RAISED MY NEW BROWNIE AND SNAPPED SIX PICTURES IN RAPID SUCCESSION.

I RUSHED BACK TO OUR LITTLE STAND TO DEVELOP THEM.

BUT I'D FORGOTTEN TO PUT FILM IN THE CAMERA!



'I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THE "FLYING SAUCER" I'D BEEN IN TOWN HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN THE "B" FROM THE **BIJOU THEATER-MARQUEE SIGN** THAT HAD COME LOOSE...'



'BUT I DID NOT LOSE HOPE. I LOADED MY CAMERA WITH **8000 FAST FINE-GRAIN FILM** AND I SET OUT AGAIN, STILL DETERMINED...'



'I OFFERED THAT ACCEPTABLE O-F EXCLAMATION AT THE SIGHT THAT MY EYES BEHELD. I'D BEEN WALKING DOWN THE HIGHWAY AND HAD HEARD A **RUSHING ROAR**. JUST OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON, I'D SEEN THE **HURTLING METALLIC DISC**. I RAISED MY CAMERA AND CLICKED OFF SEVEN PICTURES IN RAPID SUCCESSION.'



'I RUSHED BACK TO MY BOOKSTAND TO DEVELOP THEM.'



'THE NEGATIVES CAME OUT VERY CLEAR, CLEAR LIKE GLASS! I'D PUT THE FILM IN BACKWARDS!'



'I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THE **RUSHING ROAR** I'D HEARD HAD BEEN NOTHING MORE THAN A **CADILLAC COUPE-DE-VILLE** PARKING ME AT 25 MPH. THE "METALLIC DISC" I'D SEEN WAS ONE OF ITS HUB CAPS.'



'BUT I WAS NOT DISCOURAGED. I CAREFULLY LOADED MY CAMERA CORRECTLY AND REWINDED. I LAY DOWN TO REST. SUDDENLY I WAS AWAKENED BY A **MUMMING SOUND**...'



'THERE, HOWERING BEFORE ME, WAS A **BLURRY SPINNING OBJECT**. WITHOUT FLINCHING, I SNATCHED MY CAMERA AND HAD TIME TO TAKE ONE PICTURE BEFORE THE SPINNING DISC VANISHED...'



"I RUSHED BACK TO MY ROADSIDE STAND TO DEVELOP MY PREVIOUS PICTURE."



"THIS TIME I'D GOTTEN A PICTURE OF SOMETHING ALL RIGHT! MY THUMB! IN MY HASTE, I'D COVERED THE LENS!"



"I LATER FOUND OUT THAT THE 'SPINNING DISC' I'D SEEN HANGING OVER ME WAS A SMALL BOY'S LIGHT BLUE 'SLEEPING' DUNCAN PD-PD"



"OTHER MEN, BY THIS TIME, WOULD HAVE THROWN UP THEIR ARMS IN *DESPAIR*, BUT NOT I! I WAS EVEN MORE DETERMINED THAN EVER. I DECIDED THAT NIGHT OFFERED ME MY BEST CHANCE. I LOADED MY CAMERA WITH *INFRA-RED FILM* AND PURCHASED AN *INEXPENSIVE BEER-COUNTER* IF THE FLYING SAUCERS WERE *RADIO-ACTIVE*, THE BEER COUNTER WOULD AWAKEN ME. I WENT TO SLEEP WITH CONFIDENCE..."



"I WAS AWAKENED RUDELY BY A *STEADY CLICKING*. I SAW THE CIRCULAR OBJECT SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE DAWN SKY OUT MY BEDROOM WINDOW. I GRABBED MY CAMERA AND SHOT EIGHT PICTURES IN *RAPID SUCCESSION*..."



"I RUSHED TO THE DARKROOM AND DEVELOPED MY *INFRA-RED FILM*."



"I WAS OVERJOYED! I'D GOTTEN EIGHT CRYSTAL-CLEAR PICTURES."



"OF MY NIGHT-TABLE ALARM CLOCK! ITS TICKING HAD AWAKENED ME!"



"MEANWHILE, MY ROADSIDE BOOK-
STAND HAD BEEN **STEADILY LOSING**
MONEY. ETHEL SEEMED TO BE
LOSING **PATIENCE** WITH MY "**POON**
SAUCE EXCURSIONS." BUT I
BOBBLELY SEARCHED ON...



"ON JULY FOURTH, I ALMOST LOST MY **MIND**
CHASING **SKYROCKETS** AND **ROMAN CANDLES**..."



"IT WAS A **BEAUTIFUL** NIGHT. ETHEL'S **INSECTS**
COULDN'T EVEN SPOIL ITS **BEAUTY**..."



"I PHOTOGRAPHED **TWO BEER**
CAN TOPS BEING **SCALED** BY
YOUNG **PUFFIANS**..."



"I TOOK AN EXCELLENT PICTURE OF A
WHISKEY **UMBRELLA** DURING A
RAINSTORM..."



"AND THEN CAME THE MEMORABLE EVENING OF **SEPTEMBER**
22, 1953. THE **BANK** HAD SENT US ITS NOTICE OF **FORE-**
CLOSURE ON OUR LITTLE BUSINESS. **ETHEL** WAS IN THE
KITCHEN, PACKING OUR BELONGINGS INTO A **HARTEL**. I WAS
OUTSIDE ON THE COOL GRASS, STANDING UP AT THE STAFFY BIK



"IT WAS **THEN**... ON THAT MEMORABLE NIGHT OF **SEPTEMBER**
22... THAT I SAW IT... A **REAL**, **UNMISTAKABLE FLYING**
SAUCER! IT HURTTLED FORWARD ME, OVER THE RIGHT COUNTRY
SIDE..."



"EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO **SUDDENLY!** I REMEMBER SNATCHING MY LOADED WAITING CAMERA AS IT LOOKED LARGER..."

ETHEL! IT'S A FLYING SAUCER!

YEAH!

"...AND SNAPPING THE PICTURE BEFORE EVERYTHING EXPLODED IN A WHITE BLINDING FLASH..."

GNNNNNNNNNGG!
CLICK!

"WHEN I CAME TO, HOURS LATER, BITS OF STRANGE SPARKLING MATERIAL LAY SCATTERED AROUND ME..."

"NO SOUND CAME FROM MY LITTLE APARTMENT BEHIND THE BOOKSTAND. ETHEL WAS **GONE...**"

"I DEVELOPED THE FILM BADLY, KNOWING THAT AT LAST I'D **PHOTOGRAPHED MY FLYING SAUCER**, BUT LOST ETHEL AT THE SAME TIME..."

WHA... WHAT HAPPENED? ETHEL!

ETHEL! WHERE ARE YOU?

"IT WAS A **GOOD PICTURE!** THE DETAILS OF THE 'FLYING SAUCER' WERE **VERY CLEAR!** IT WAS A **REAL FLYING SAUCER**, ALL RIGHT! ETHEL'D THROWN IT AT ME. I'D TAKEN ITS PICTURE BEFORE IT'D HIT ME IN THE HEAD, SMASHING TO BITS, KNOCKING ME COLD! **HERE IT IS...**"

"WE MET BRIEFLY JUST **ONCE** AFTER THAT, ETHEL AND I. IT WAS AT THE **LAWYER'S OFFICE**. THEY TOLD ME WHAT **ALMOST I'D BE EXPECTED TO PAY...**"

SO MUCH MONEY!!

SO, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME!

OUR BEST CHINA FOOT!

THE
END